

THE
GALLIMAUFRY;

OR,

BUDGET of MOMUS :

CONTAINING

The TINKER's SONG, and BEGGAR's SONG,
In the Pantomime of Merry Sherwood.

PROLOGUE to the FARCE of CROTCHET LODGE.

The COMIC SONG of THE WAITER.

The STROLLING PLAYER and the FARMER, a Tale.

EPILOGUE to SPECULATION.

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND, a COMIC SONG.

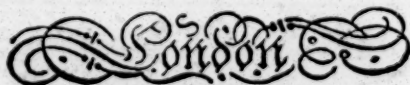
A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES.

The POOR OLD WOMAN of EIGHTY.

TWO NEW SONGS in the Farce of LOCK and KEY.

THE DUTCH FISHERMAN.

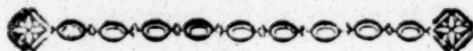
SONG, Sung by Mr. Munden, in the Myſteries of the Caſtle.



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[PRICE THREE-PENCE.]





THE GALLIMAUFRY.

THE TINKER.

*A Favorite Song, Sung by Mr. Knight, in the New
Pantomime of Merry Sherwood.*

MY daddy was a Tinker's son
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one ;
Here's pots to mend ! was still his cry,
Here's pots to mend ! about bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to folder, or brass pans :
Of wives my dad had near a score,
And I have twice as many more ;
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he was) the lord
knows who ;
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh ! I'm your man.

Once I in Budget snug had got
A barn door capon and what not,
Here's pots to mend ! I cried along,
Here's pots to mend ; was still my song.
At village wake—oh ! curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note,

The

The folks in clusters flock'd around,
 They seiz'd my budget, in it found
 The cock, a gammon, peas and beans,
 Besides a jolly tinker (yes, by the lord) a tinker's ways
 and means.

Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh ! I'm your man.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
 For want of cash the folks I hum ;
 Here's kettles to mend—bring me some beer !
 The landlord cries, “ You'll get none here !
 “ You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know ;
 “ More beer, indeed—pay what you owe !
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score ;
 At his expence we drown all strife,
 For which I praise the landlord—(could not do less than
 praise) the landlord's wife.

Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh ! I'm your man.

THE BEGGAR.

Sung by Mr. Townsend in the Same.

A BEGGAR I am of low degree,
 For I come of a begging family ;
 I'm lame, but when in a fighting bout,
 I whip off my leg and I fight it out.
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, though alas I am blind !
 Thro' town and village I gaily jog,
 My music the bell of my little dog.
 I'm cloath'd with rags,
 I'm hung with bags,

Each

Each round me wags.
I've a bag for my salt,
A bag for my malt,
A bag for the leg of a goose.
For my oats a bag,
For my groats a bag,
And a bottle to hold my booze.
It's now " Heaven blefs you for your charity."
And then " Push the can about, fol de rol de ree."

In begging a farthing I'm poor and old,
In spending a noble I'm stout and bold;
When a brave full company I see,
Its " my noble masters your charity."
But when a traveller I meet alone,
Stand and deliver or I'll knock you down:
All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
All night, oh a barn and a buxom lass.
I'm cloath'd in rags, &c.

PROLOGUE to the FARCE of CROTCHET
LODGE. *Spoken by Mr. Fawcett.*

(Speaking as he enters.)

ZOUNDS, Messmate author, if you must have
tricks,
Make me at once a " Devil on two sticks,"
Not a poor imp on one, from home cast out,
Just like a beggar thus—to stump about.

(Coming forward.)

Good folk, I pray you hear the lubber's shift,
He says, he does me favor by this gift;

(pointing to his wooden-leg.)

As many a tar, zealous for BRITAIN'S good,
Glories to splice his hull with honour's wood;

And

And e'en COMMANDERS in their country's cause,
 Wear this proud trophy 'midst the World's applause.
 And cou'd they give the foe a harder stroke,
 Wou'd wish each limb was made of English Oak;
 Then cheer, my boys! this prayer you all will greet,
 O, may HOWE meet again the Gallic Fleet.

Whispering our poet, I presumed to judge
 He meant his round top by his Crotchet Lodge:
 No, he replied—the title I present ye,
 Describe the cabin of a Cognoscenti,
 Who'll give the Crotchet Science in full score,
 Such terms as Amateurs ne'er heard before;
 With whom exhibits, I shall hint, my lad,
 A spouting Publican, stark staring mad;
 Who'd rather draw one sentence from a play,
 'Than fifty corks from business or for pay;
 Sir, Sir cried I—Crotches are unconfin'd,
 And reign thro' life's great vessel here—the mind.

Brothers a-head, you smile—but I'll maintain
 We've all our own dear Crotchets of the brain:
 Yes, Messrs. Critics, tho' you sneer 'tis true,
 For Crotchets—damnable belong to you;
 And Ladies—but the fashions I'll not press,
 Had you a thousand Crotchets in your dress.
 Ne'er heed it girls—dress easy, spruce and light,
 D—mme, dress as you please, you're always right;
 A sailor loves to see you neat and trim,
 And waist, or no waist, is the same to him.

You giggle, beaux—your Crotchet from the moon,
 Is to appear a perfect pantaloons;
 Why, if the Carmagnols shou'd chance to meet you,
 They may pop and pop again—but ne'er hit you;
 So Bond-street sailors stay at home, I beg,
 You'd do no honour to a wooden leg!

+ “ One fashion shou'd prevail, when the bright fair,
 “ Of Brunswick comes to bless proud Albion's Heir; §
 “ Rig

" Rig out your colours, ev'ry topmast bind,
 " With gaudy streamers, floating on the wind.
 " This is no idle Crotchet of the brain,
 " But grace and honour in fair beauty's train;
 " For brave Britannia claims her as her own,
 " And hails her lineal daughter of our throne."

No more, but humbly for our bard to pray,
 You'll not think flat the Crotchets of his play;
 He now is practising both shake and quaver,
 Grant him safe anch'rage in your port of favor.

* The lines marked with inverted commas were omitted in the delivery. § The prologue was written a short time before the arrival of the Princess of Wales.

THE WAITER.

A Comic Song, Sung by Mr. Farwett.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people dine,
 And the very best of eatables they cater,
 Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine,
 I attends, as a very merry waiter:
 Then a table cloth can spread, next decant my white
 and red,
 Manage matters to a charm, and with napkin under
 arm,
 Can a skin flint or jolly fellow tell,
 Know whether they'll come down a tizzy or a crown,
 So I treats 'em as I find 'em, ill or well.
 And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, jing-
 ling, I cries coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming.
 Going in, ma'am, coming up, Sir; d——n the bells!
 they're all ringing at once. Coming, coming, co-
 ming, coming.

In their merry meetings why I always likes to share,
 Whole bottles sometimes broke, why then I snack it,
 In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know where,
 Sally chambermaid and I slyly crack it;
 She a little fortune's made, just by making warm a bed,
 So I think it not amiss now and then to snatch a kiss,
 For you know I like Sally very well,
 So hob-nobbing as we chat, looking loving and all that,
 In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal,
 Mistress, maids, all bawling, drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
 John Devil, some biscuits, and take 'em up to the An-
 gel; Tom take care of No. 21, I shall take care of
 No. 1, myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd
 not,
 Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling,
 A plover was serv'd up, the gentleman swore no bill it
 had got,
 Says I, swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.
 Thus I jokes and gaily talk, while poor master jokes
 with chalk,
 And will jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the
 chink,
 'Cod he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell?
 Sally mistress then is made, up to every servants trade,
 We are certain sure, your honors, to do well,
 Brisk and busy, no hum drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
 James, take care of No. 4, and see that the cellarman
 sends up prick'd bottles; they're a shabby set, and
 we may never see them again; Mrs. Napkin, shew
 my Lord to the Star and Garter; and Lawyer Lat-
 titat to the Devil; he's going there himself, Sir, he
 knows the way very well.

The

THE STROLLING PLAYER, AND THE
FARMER, A TALE.

A STROLLING player, as story tells,
If truth in modern story dwells,
Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard by an honest farmer's gate ;
And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum :
For country actors round about,
Whene'er their cash and credit's out,
Or when his worship shall determine
To drive them out, like other vermin ;
Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,
For sixpence takes the drum-sticks up,
And gladly rambles up and down,
To beat the play thro' half the town ;
And oft this man, by hunger prest,
Is better paid than all the rest——
But as our present mouth-piece flood,
And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,
Exerted all his might and pow'r,
On Henry's murder in the Tower ;
How Glo'ster basely took his life,
And after marry'd Edward's wife,
Then quickly stopp'd his nephews' breath,
By vilely stifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whose mention shocks the latest times !
'Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.
The honest farmer, sighing, said,
' What ways there are of getting bread !
' I dare say, friend, you'd think it hard
' To work in any farmer's yard :

' Yet

' Yet tell me, tho' you speak so fine,
 ' Whose trade is better, your's or mine ?
 ' Is any fellow in your station
 ' Of half our value to the nation ;
 ' And yet at us you tofs your nose,
 ' Whene'er you get a rag of cloaths ;
 ' With saucy jests presume to flout us,
 ' Altho' you could not eat without us ;
 ' In London I have seen the players
 ' In better waistcoats than our mayors ;
 ' Nay, I declare it on my word,
 ' I've seen an actor wear a sword ;
 ' And not a creature in the town,
 ' Would ever knock the fellow down.
 ' Altho' the puppy had began
 ' To think himself a gentleman ;
 ' When but the very summer after,
 ' (I scarce can mention it for laughter)
 ' He came among the country boors,
 ' And beat just such a drum as your's ;
 ' What can you say ?" the farmer cry'd.
 When thus our orator reply'd :—
 ' Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,
 ' I own your censure often just :
 ' Experience ev'ry day declares
 ' The foolish pride of many play'rs ;
 ' And some, perhaps, but let that rest,
 ' Whose lives are not the very best ;
 ' But tho' this truth on some may fall,
 ' The censure ne'er can reach to all,
 ' A rascal howsoever drawn,
 ' Had been a rascal clad in lawn ;
 ' And worth will ev'ry eye engage,
 ' Tho' fortune place it on the stage ;
 ' Professions, Sir, you never find
 ' Have chang'd the temper of the mind :

‘ And

' And if a man, genteelly bred,
 ' A faultless life has ever led ;
 ' Why will your censure wish to blame
 ' The merit justice would proclaim ?
 ' I need not say what native fires,
 ' Or judgment, such a life requires ;
 ' A truth like this I need not smother,
 ' They're higher much than any other :
 ' And if sometimes we meet with losses,
 ' (All men are liable to crosses :)
 ' Why is an actor's made a jest,
 ' When pity smiles on all the rest ?
 ' Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
 ' You, Sir, had work'd about the town,
 ' Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
 ' Without a six-pence in your purse.'——

Here paus'd the youth——the farmer turn'd,
 ' Whose breast with true good-nature burn'd,
 ' Of all thy trade, I ne'er espy'd
 ' A man possess so little pride :
 ' I ask thy pardon, honest youth ;
 ' Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;
 ' And while with us you choose to stay,
 ' I beg thou'lt see me every day ;
 ' Nor blush, if e'er thou art distressed,
 ' To be an honest farmer's guest.
 ' A man, I dare be sworn, thou art,
 ' Blest with a very noble heart.
 ' And, harkee,—nay—but this way stand,
 ' Here, take a guinea in thy hand ;
 ' Had I been in thy place, I see,
 ' You would have acted just like me.'

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE TO SPECULATION.

Spoken by Mr. Lewis.

THE drama done, permit us now to say,
 Something about—or not about the play—
 Good subject ours ! rare times ! when *speculation*
 Engrosses every subject of the nation.
 To serve the state, Jews, Gentiles, all are willing
 And for the omnium venture their last shilling :
 Nay some subscribe their thousands to the loan,
 Without a single shilling of their own.
 Be this their speculation, I profess
 To speculate in one thing only—drefs :
 Shew me your garments gents and ladies fair,
 I'll tell you whence you came, and who you are ;
 But, sportsman like, to hit the game, I'll try,
 Charge, prime, present my glafs, and cock my eye,
 What a fine harvest this gay season yields,
 Some female heads appear like stubble fields :
 Who now of threaten'd famine dare complain,
 When every female forehead teems with grain.
 See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes ;
 Our barns are now transferred to drawing rooms :
 While husbands who delight in active lives,
 To fill their granaries may thrash their wives,
 Nor wives alone prolific, notice draw,
 Old maids, and young ones, all are in the straw.
 That damsel wrapt in shawls who looks so blue,
 Is a return from India—things won't do—
 That market's up, she could not change her name,
 No RAMRAMROWS nor YANGWHANGWOPPAS came,
 “ Bad speculation, Bet, so far to roam ;
 Black legs go out, and jail birds now come home.”
 That stripling there, all trowsers and cravat,
 No body, and no chin, is called a flat :

And

And he beside him in the straight cut frock,
 Buttoned before, behind a square cut dock,
 Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser
 Either a man of fashion, or a Bruiser.
 A man of fashion—nothing but a quiz—
 I'll shew you what a man of breeding is.
 With back to fire, slouched hat and vulgar slang,
 He charms his mistress with this sweet harangue :
 " What lovely, charming, Kitty—how d'ye do,
 Come—see my puppy ;"—" no Harry to see you."
 " You're vastly welcome—you shall see my stud,
 And ride my poney"—" Harry you're too good."
 " Zounds how it freezes ; Fly was my sancho's fire :
 Miss would you see"—" Harry I'd wish to see the fire."
 That's your true breeding, that's your flaming lover ;
 The fair may freeze, but he is warm all over.
 We're an odd medley, you must needs confess,
 Strange in our manners, stranger in our dress :
 Whim is the word—droll pantomimic age,
 With true tip tops of taste grotesque's the rage.
 Beaux with short waists, and small cloaths close confin'd,
 Belles bunched before, and bundled up behind ;
 The flights of fashion, bordering on buffoon,
 One looks like punch, the other, pantaloons :
 But hold—my raillery makes some look gruff,
 Therefore I'm off—I'm sure I've said enough.

THE ACTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

THERE is a mansion, in a nook obscure,
 Which, for the offices it does mankind,
 May well be stiled the Temple of the Wretched :
 Who daily there bring off'rings.—O'er the gate
 (As whilom at the castle of some Thane,)
 The arms conspicuous stand, *Three azure Balls—*

The

The motto, "*Money lent.*"—Which magic words
 Contain the sole attraction, by whose power
 Such numbers hourly to the fane resort;
 And, as a token of sincere regard,
 For the fell idol Gold, they sacrifice
 Rich off'rings at the shrine of Usury—
 Rapacious altar!—was it not enough
 Thy fierce, insatiate appetite consum'd
 My Coat, so fam'd for colour and for cut?
 Was't not enough, that, though of satin form'd,
 A garment serv'd to fill thy hungry maw,
 Small-clothes yclep'd—or, in the vulgar phrase,
 A pair of Breeches call'd?—Was it for this
 'The *Taylor* sold my *Tickets*?—Not content
 With gorgeous spoils like these, wou'dst thou have
 more?

Forbid it Fortune!—and ye Pow'rs ydrad,
 Who o'er the fate of *Taylor's* ware preside,
 Open the Theatre, and fill my purse,
 "Cut short all intermission,—front to front
 "Bring but my Coat, my Breeches, and myself—
 "Within my purse length set them—if they 'scape me,
 "Then may I lose my duplicate."

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND.

Sung by Mr. Johannot in the Burletta of the Miser.

O F Friendship I have heard much talk,
 But you'll find in the end,
 That if distress at any rate,
 Dear Money is your Friend.

CHORUS.

Yes, Money is your Friend, is it not?
 Money is your Friend, is it not?

Is it not? is it not? pray tell me now?
If Money, Money, Money, a'n't your Friend.

If you have a Suit at Law,
On which you must depend,
You must pay the Lawyer for his brief,
Then Money is your Friend.

Yes, Money is your Friend, &c.

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the Doctor send,
To him you must advance a fee,
Then Money is your Friend.

Yes, Money is your Friend, &c.

Then let me have a store of Gold,
From ills it will defend,
In all the accidents in life,
Dear Money is your Friend.

Yes, Money is your Friend, &c.

A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES.

*An Occasional Address, Spoken in the Character of The
poor Old Woman of Eighty, by Mr. MUNDEN, at the
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.*

*After the Comedy of the School for Wives, and previous to
a new Farce, called the Packet Boat.*

Speaks Entering.

BE quiet—don't flee so—I'm right I'll be bound,
Enters.

Good gracious! where am I?—I'm down to the ground:
(*Curtseys.*)

My

My blushes excuse—to near fainting I'm hurried—
Again I'm your *sarvant*—(*Curtsies.*) Oh dear how
I'm hurried.

Yet least this intrusion may strange-like appear,
If you please, I'll just intimate what brought me here ;
'Tis my birth-day—exactly—I'm eighty—no more ;
Pray a'n't I a good-looking girl of fourscore ?
I hoped recreation might fall in my way,
As I wish'd to be merry—so went to the play :
New brooms sweep so clean ! and new places so please,
That to get into Drury I ventur'd a squeeze,
The fight was quite charming ! the big and the little,
The old, young, rich, poor, feggs ! it suits to a tittle ;
They've alter'd their plan tho', and much frighten'd I
found,

To save us from fire we were all to be drown'd !
Nay, to keep its approach from spectators more certain,
A fire escape's made of a stout Iron Curtain.
I saw while I wept too, my eyes red as ferret's,
No ghost—but abundance of strange colour'd spirits,
And a boat row'd across seem'd as light as a fly,
I didn't think scullermen thereabouts ply,
If I did, and on water went pleasuring again,
I'd be row'd up the river all through Drury-lane.
No wonder, that folks their allurements so follow,
Old Shakespear's within, and without young Apollo !
Well before all was over, I *bundles* below,
Left the newest new house, to see here a new show.
I was told you'd a school that would cause strange emo-
tions,

To virgins like me, who have conjugal notions ;
That lesson I've lost—and regret—yet I've come,
As a Packet Boat passenger—pray have you room ?
I was squeez'd coming in so, by wives, maids, and
spouses,

That pettish I cry'd out, *a Plague on both Houses.*

Yet

Yet still I admire 'em—to please they're so ready,
Here plain as a quaker, *there* gay as a lady,
 So anxious to merit your smiles, and so civil,
 To oblige you I'm told, they sometimes raise the devil.
 Revive Doctor Faustus, to Switzerland roam—
 Thank heaven, I find here I'm always at home.
 I'd been poz'd through to see 'em, and give this relation,

If a youth of a soldier had not ta'en compassion,
 My charms surely struck him?—he prais'd my bright
 eye,

Gain'd my heart ! ask'd my hand—Lord ! I could not
 deny ;

So though hopes oft are marr'd, and a long while I've
 tarried,

After eighty years waiting—I soon shall get married,

And if it so please you (a thing not uncommon,)

To laugh at the tale of a simple old woman ;

The husband pray patronize, smile on the wife,

And make this the happiest hour of my life.

S O N G.

WRITTEN BY —————

HOW good and how kind of his dear Majesty,
 In the midst of his matters so weighty,
 'To think of so lonely a creature as I,
 A poor Old Woman of Eighty.

II.

John Smart is as likely a lad as you'll see,
 And he's one, that will never say nay to ye,
 Only think what a comfort he'll be unto me,
 A poor, &c.

III.

III.

Was the smarts to come round me, and praise every
Says I, I have nothing to say to ye, [charm,
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Tho' a poor, &c.

IV.

Then fear not ye lasses, who're long past your youth,
You soon may get lovers to pray to ye,
Only thing of my case, who have but one tooth,
A poor, &c.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT, in the Lock and Key.

A WOMAN is like to—but stay——
What a Woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with or without one——
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
When she's tender and kind,
She is like, to my mind,
(And Fanny was so, I remember.)
She is like to—Oh dear!——
She's as good very near
As a ripe melting peach in September.
If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
She is like a rich dish
Of ven'son or fish,
That cries from the table “come eat me!”

But

But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract, and perplex you,
False hearted, and ranging,
Unsettled, and changing,
What then do you think, she is like ?
Like a sand ? like a rock ?
Like a wheel ? like a clock ?
Aye, a clock that is always at *strike*.
Her head's like the Island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on,
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice ;
In truth, she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man :
Like a mill, like a pill,
Like a flail, like a whale,
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man ;
Like a flow'r, like a show'r,
Like a fly, like a pie,
Like a pea, like a flea,
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman !

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, in the Same.

COME all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honor's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa !
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;
Her men are staunch
To their favorite launch,

And

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly ;
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack ;
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !
The Frenchmnn then cry'd out, hallo !
" Bear down, d'ye see,
" To our Admiral's lee."
" No, no," says the Frenchman, " that can't be"
" Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick wou'd stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more ;
Let each fill a glass
To his favorite lass !

A health

A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

THE DUTCH FISHERMAN.

Sung by Mr. DUBOIS at Sadler's Wells.

OF all what strive to live and to trive,
And by cunning to over-reach men,
Whether trade bin deed, or trade bin alive,
The best trade of all be a Dutchman ;
De world he fish what he can get,
But all bin fish in the Dutchman's net.

CHORUS.

Ik been liderlyck, du bist liderlyck,
Snick-snack liderlyck a ly—te.

We trade wid the Yankey, we deal wid de Scot,
And cheaten de tain and de teither ;
We cheaten the Jew, aye and better dan dat,
We cheaten well ein aneithier ;
And at Amsterdam, when he come dere,
We cheaten de devil, dat's all fair.

Mynheer can drink for drunk by chance,
Mynheer by chance can caper ;
But ik never take mine frow to dance,
Till somebody pay de pieper ;
And when een koopman hold his haund,
I puff mine pipe, and I nicht fers teun.

De stranger comes for the fish that's nice,
And he looken as sharp as donder ;

I praise

I praise mine goods, and I take mine price,
 And I sells him stinking flounder ;
 Den he call dief, and I say yaw,
 Wid mine haund to be gelt comme fa.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, in the Mysteries of the Castle.

O WHAT a country for people to marry in !
 Love and its comforts they never miscarry in !
 Miss wants a husband, and Master a wife,
 Parents consent and they're happy for life.

If one bed won't do, they put up with two ;
 The good wife loves to roam, the good man stays at
 home ;

At night they retire from their merry go rounds,
 He's got a few bottles, she's lost a few pounds.
 If such the delights such fond unions bespeak,

Say who wou'd live single a week ?

" Happy pair !" say who wou'd live single a week.

Fortune perhaps the dear couple may smile upon,
 Field for the fair to shew off her grand style upon ;
 A coach and six horses—a service of plate ;
 A beau for soft service—a dozen for state.

Shou'd pocket be low, to traffic they go ;
 A great route is declar'd—a rich faro prepar'd ;
 The guests return lighter perhaps than they went,
 The supper discharg'd, and the hosts are content.
 If wedlock such permanent joys can display,

Pray who wou'd live single a day ?

" Charming scene !" pray who wou'd live single a day.

Lucky in these, they have other resources too ;
 Sweet separation, and tender divorces too ;
 If our wife in a friend too much confidence puts,

We

We thrust a stiletto stait into his guts.

They only look big by a counsellor's wig ;
And the weapon they draw is a limb of the law :
Both parties for damage good-naturedly sue,
And their wrongs are set right by a Nabob or Jew !
If husbands such recompence have in their power,
Then who wou'd live single an hour ?
“ Pleasant rogues ! ” then who would live single an
hour ?





